AN

# ODE

OF

# CONSOLATION

Upon the Loſs of

# MINORCA.

Humbly Addreſs'd to

His ROYAL HIGHNESS

## The Duke of *Cumberland*, &c.

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*I Decus, I, noſtrum melioribus utere Fatis.* VIRG.

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# ODE of CONSOLATION

On the Loſs of

# MINORCA.

I.

TO You, brave PRINCE, I *whilom* tun'd my Song,
When o'er old *Pictland*'s bleak and ſteep Aſcents,
You ſought the *Gallick* Foe, and *Rebel* Throng,
Whoſe *mingled* Force portended great Events:
Till your right-truſty, and well-temper'd Sword,
Out-drawn by *Victory*, and by her upheld,
As *Juſtice* gave the Death-diſpenſing Word,
Mow'd the thick Harveſt of the bloody Field,
Then each ſurviving *Felon* fled diſmay'd,
And GALLIA's *Trophies* at your Feet were laid.

II.

Not now triumphant, but in Fear of Thrall
See thy lov'd *Country*, ſee BRITANNIA weep,
By *Treach'ry* humbled to th' inſulting *Gaul*
By Treach'ry---now ſcarce MISTRESS of the DEEP:
Hard Terms and new! and never to be borne
While on the *Engliſh* Throne thy SIRE ſhall ſit,
Shall HE and BRITAIN be expos'd to Scorn?
Who us'd on *Glory*'s lofty Top to greet?
No! die the ſecret Authors of theſe Harms,
Theſe *civil* Traitors, worſe than thoſe *in Arms*.

III.

SUBJECT and PRINCE! our Lot, as *Subject*, feel,
Our publick Woe, our deep-imprinted Shame:
As PRINCE, uphold the ſinking common Weal,
And vindicate thy *Royal* Father's Fame.
Apt once for Arms, and * *train'd* to *martial* Deeds
Ten thouſand-thouſand *Engliſh* on thee wait;
If chance thy habil *Wiſdom* ſo ſucceeds
To drive theſe *Caitiffs* from the *Palace-Gate*,
To free our *Sovereign* from each *Carpet-Knight*,
And let his *People* for their *Parent* fight.

* The Author alludes to the *Train'd-Bands*, or *Militia*, by the means of which *Alfred* the Great defended *England* againſt the *Danes*, and our *later* Kings conquer'd *France*.

IV.

For where a FONDNESS for corrupting Gold
The Heart of Man *ambitious* doth infect;
Each Truſt is doubtful, and all *Duty* ſold;
And thoſe betray the *State* who ſhould protect:
Whether from Foes they hope ſome better *Meed*,
For all the Deeds of Treaſon they can boaſt;
Or doom'd by Fate in Folly to exceed,
They look to ſave *themſelves*, tho' ALL be loſt;
Such *Moon-ſtruck* Counſellors forever bring
*Toil* on a LAND, and *Danger* to a KING.

V.

See yon good LEADER, mark'd with Age and Scars,
Propping his feeble Footſteps with his Lance,
Wrapt in deep Thought, amidſt the Din of Wars,
By *Moonlight*, tow'rds the gleaming Waves advance.
Why comes he? but ſome Succours to deſcry,
For ſore his Caſtle by the Foe is preſt:
Yet ah! in vain he rolls his haggard Eye,
His hopeleſs State is not to be redreſs'd;
He ſighs indignant, and in Grief returns,
Tho' ſtill his Thunders roar, and all the *Welkin* burns.

VI.

Hard Fate, that no ſuch Efforts can avail,
Whole Armies of the Foe come pouring on:
If once again they ſhould attempt to *ſcale*,
Not VICTORY alone; but ALL is gone.
His worn-out Soldiers now with Cauſe complain
Of Blood miſſpent, and long-defrauded Hope:
" By *England* not by Us, they cry amain
" This Fort,--this Work of Years--is yielded up."
Their Leader heard them---*Sorrow* ſhook his Head,
And Anguiſh *ſunk* him, heart-ſick, on his Bed.

VII.

Here while he lay, as ſome record the Tale,
In viſionary Trance, or broken Sleep,
There ſeem'd an *antique* Figure ſtern and pale
To riſe from Miſts, that hover'd o'er the Deep;
" This Place, it ſaid, ſo many Ages known,
" And now the Monument of *Blakeney*'s Fame,
" I firſt explor'd; the Title is my own:
" For *Carthaginian* MAGO was my Name.
" I come my Brother's Story to relate:
" So like to *Hannibal*'s is *Blakeney*'s Fate.

VIII.

" As now MINORCA *, *Brutium* once was loſt :
" For *Hanno*'s Faction govern'd all at Home,
" Averſe to Wars they drew him from his Poſt,
" And HANNIBAL by *Hanno* was o'ercome :
" To this the Fall of CARTHAGE we may place.
" Our *Tyrian* COLONIES were *Traders* all,
" In WAR they *purchas'd* AIDS; then *purchas'd*
" Peace,
" And thought the World would follow *Money*'s
" Call :
" No *native* Troops, the while, their *Wealth* ſecur'd,
" Nor longer than they paid, their *foreign* Strength
" endur'd.

IX.

" So when the *Romans* came, by *Action* bold,
" How did our puny *Shops* and *Streets* reſound ?
" Juſt like the helpleſs Bleatings of the Fold,
" When the *Getulian* Lion ſtalks around.
" But better Fate attends your native Land,
" Her *ample* Soil a numerous Race ſupplies ;

* A Province of antient *Italy*, where in Defiance of the Roman Arms, *Hannibal* ſupported himſelf for many Years.

" Sufficient both for *Traffick* and *Command*,
" A Nation fam'd for † *earning* Victories.
" E'en now ſee WILLIAM waft his Levies o'er,
" And ‡ *Normandy* ſubmit to *France* no more.

X.

" Brave VERNON Wonders ſhall again atchieve,
" This *Iſle* regretted ne'er ſhall *France* obey,
" Your Glory ſunk by *Byng* ſhall HAWKE retrieve;
" And friendly CORSICA the Loſs repay."----
He ſpoke and plung'd into his antient *Berth*;
Hoarſe Thunder ſhook the *Balearick* Shore,
The Turrets totter'd, and the rocking Earth
Gave each *French* Heart Preſage of Woe in Store.
But *Blakeney* 'woke and ſmil'd, aſſur'd that YOU,
Illuſtrious PRINCE, would make the Viſion true.

† Not buying them like the *Carthaginians*. I am ſorry to find that in ſome late Speeches the *Engliſh* have been conſidered as a People fitted for *Trade* only. One would be glad to know how they came ſo ſuddenly to degenerate from their Forefathers. This Alteration can never be in the *Genius* of the People: It muſt rather proceed from the *Artifice* of ſome of the *pacific* Managers.

‡ What the *French* ſay of *Normandy* in ſome of their Writings ſhews, that they are not a little apprehenſive of its reverting upon ſome Occaſions back to *England*. One would think this Jealouſy of theirs might give our People the Hint of treating with the *Normans* in Times of War, eſpecially as their *Parliaments* have lately been ſo roughly handled by the *French*: They might find their Account in attempting to alienate them from *France*, and ſupporting them as a ſeparate State. There is a ſufficient Warrant for this as that Dutchy is an Appendage of the Crown of *England*.

F I N I S.